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Translated by Jop Luberti @ www.deepsleeprecords.nl Original title: Het is druk hier, in de ontwenningskliniek (Dutch)

IT'S CROWDED HERE, IN REHAB

Dennis Gaens

www.DeNieuweS.com

We have (1) lost control.

We have (2) given up good health.

We have (3) decided that we have to give up.

We have (4) made an inventory.

The girl with her fear of abandonment really needs to get rid of her belongings.

Knick-knacks, boxes full of bags full of junk.

The coffee table is littered with coasters but there's never a drink in the house. In her cupboards clean saucers and cups with cardboard still in between.

She's got square yards full of history, vases filled with questions, strange shoescrapers, vegetarian cookbooks and an unused wok.

A hearth of resentment and potatoes. Bags full of.

She's got these little things, you know: amulets, Scotch tape, keyrings, tin trains and tiny altars with a stamp-size virgin Mary.

She can't keep a firm hand when drawing a cross-sign. When cross-line meets cross-line she starts crying.



We have (5) confessed our sins.

We are (6) prepared to come up short.

We have (7) decided to wear out our shortcomings.

We have (8) made a list of friends and foes.



WIJ ZAMELEN UW GEBRUIKTE KLEDING EN SCHOENEN IN

DMW RECO



the boy with his fear of commitment hears every sound equally loud and he knows not where his ear to which his ear wait to which he has to lend his ear

every two days there is
a new pair of shoes
in front of his door, behind an
older pair, behind an
older pair in formation
toward the next door
the door next to
next to that the door
the door

it's okay until somebody
trips and all the shoes

– one pair excepted — will have to be thrown out again
and there's always somebody who trips
because there are bets
somebody wins something

again and again he chooses to keep the newest pair and the door is shut for days on end

then he comes out waving wildly convinced that the air inside his room is turning solid only after days of airing the whole thing the door closes and there are new bets to be placed

We have (9) reconciled where possible.

We persist (10) in drawing up lists.

We have (11) resolved to escape.

We have (12) understood a small part and will carry out the message.

We are (13) one step further.

We are more our fingertips than shoulder-blades, less our toes, our spines more and more.

We think with our nostrils more often than with our auricles. When we walk, we lean slightly left and our talk is lightly loud.

Eye to eye with a lesser death we are inclined to spit; straight, right between the eyes.

Look, we're already biting and walking, finding, quicker than you may think, our way here, by touch. It's not that we don't like you, but we have other things to do and that gets to us.

It was a long drop and in mid-air, you can only run on empty but there is ground in sight. From now on we are purely purifying.

Our bad intentions

- like insignias – we pinned
on our sleeves and
we won't be home late tonight;
we're out of here.

Aim for the lights.



